

And by disloyning hands hell lose a soule.  
*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the Cardinall.  
*Bast.* And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.  
*Aust.* Well rustian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,  
 Because, *your breeches best may carry them.*  
*John.* Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinall?  
*Con.* What should he say, but as the Cardinall?  
*Dolph.* Bethinke you father, for the difference  
 Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
 Or the light losse of England, for a friend:  
 Forgoe the easier.  
*Bla.* That's the curse of Rome.  
*Con.* O Lewis, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere  
 In likeness of a new yntremmed Bride.  
*Bla.* The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
 But from her need.  
*Con.* Oh, if thou grant my need,  
 Which onely liues but by the death of faith,  
 That need, must needs inferre this principle,  
 That faith would liue againe by death of need:  
 O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp.  
 Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.  
*John.* The king is mou'd, and answers not to this.  
*Con.* O be remou'd from him, and answere well.  
*Aust.* Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.  
*Bast.* Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet iour.  
*Fra.* I am perplex, and know not what to say.  
*Pau.* What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?  
 If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?  
*Fra.* Good reuerend father, make my person yours,  
 And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?  
 This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,  
 And the conjunction of our inward soules  
 Married in league, coupled, and link'd together  
 With all religious strength of sacred vowes,  
 The latest breath that gave the found of words  
 Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue  
 Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,  
 And euen before this truce, but new before,  
 No longer then we well could wash our hands,  
 To clasp this royall bargaine vp of peace,  
 Heauen knowes they were besmeard and ouer-staind  
 With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint  
 The fearefull difference of incensed kings:  
 And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?  
 So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,  
 Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?  
 Play fast and loose with faith? so left with heauen,  
 Make such vnconstant children of our selues  
 As now againe to snatch our palme from palmes:  
 Vn-sworne faith sworne, and on the marriage bed  
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 And make a ryot on the gentle brow  
 Of true sincerity? O holy Sir  
 My reuerend father, let it not be so.  
 Out of your grace, deuile, ordaine, impose  
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest  
 To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.  
*Pau.* All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,  
 Saue what is opposite to Englands loue.  
 Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,  
 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,  
 A mothers curse, on her reuoluing sonnes:  
*France.* thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,  
 Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.  
*Fra.* I may dis-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.  
*Pau.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,  
 And like a ciuill warre setst oath to oath,  
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow  
 First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,  
 That is, to be the Champion of our Church,  
 What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,  
 And may not be performed by thy selfe,  
 For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,  
 Is not amisse when it is truly done:  
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 The truth is then most done not doing it:  
 The better Act of purposes mistooke,  
 Is to mistake again, though indirect,  
 Yet indirection thereby growes direct,  
 And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire  
 Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:  
 It is religion that doth make vowes kept,  
 But thou hast sworne against religion:  
 By what thou swearst against the thing thou swearst,  
 And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,  
 Against an oath the truth, thou art vntrue  
 To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,  
 Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?  
 But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,  
 And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,  
 Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,  
 Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:  
 And better conquest neuer canst thou make,  
 Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:  
 Vpon which better part, our prayers come in,  
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know  
 The perill of our curses light on thee  
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off  
 But in despair, dye vnder their blacke weight.  
*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.  
*Bast.* Will't not be?  
 Will not a Calues-skin stop that mouth of thine?  
*Daul.* Father, to Armes.  
*Blanch.* Vpon thy wedding day?  
 Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?  
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums  
 Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?  
 O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new  
 Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name  
 Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;  
 Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes  
 Against mine Vncle.  
*Con.* O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,  
 I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Dauphin,  
 Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.  
*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may  
 Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?  
*Con.* That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,  
 His Honor, Oh thine Honor, Lewis thine Honor.  
*Dolph.* I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,  
 When such profound respects doe pull you on?  
*Pau.* I will denounce a curse vpon his head.  
*Fra.* Thou shalt not need. England, I will fall fro thee.  
*Con.* O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.  
*Elea.* O soule reuolt of French inconstancy.  
*Eng. France.* y shall rue this houre within this houre.

*Bast.* Old Time the clocke setter, y bald sexton Time:  
 Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.  
*Bla.* The Sun's ore-cast with bloud: faire day adieu,  
 Which is the side that I must goe withall?  
 I am with both; each Army hath a hand,  
 And in their rage, I haueing hold of both,  
 They whurle a sunder, and dismember mee.  
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne  
 Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose.  
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:  
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thine:  
 Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose:  
 Assured losse, before the match be plaid.  
*Dolph.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.  
*Bla.* There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.  
*John.* Cosen, goe draw our puissance together,  
 France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,  
 Arage, whose heat hath this condition;  
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
 The blood and deereft valued bloud of France.  
*Fra.* Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne  
 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
 Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.  
*John.* No more then he that threatens. To Arms let's hie.

## Scena Secunda.

*Alarums, Exursions:* Enter Bastard with Austrias  
 head.

*Bast.* Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,  
 Some aery Deuill hovers in the skie,  
 And pour's downe mischief. Austrias head lye there,  
 Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.  
 While Philip breathes.  
*John.* Hubert, keepe this boy: Philip make vp,  
 My Mother is assayed in our Tent,  
 And tane I feare.  
*Bast.* My Lord I rescued her,  
 Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:  
 But on my Liege, for very little paines  
 Will bring this labor to an happy end. Exit.

*Alarums, excursions, Retreat:* Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur  
 Bastard, Hubert, Lords.

*John.* So shall he be: your Grace shall stay behinde  
 So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,  
 Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vncle will  
 As deere be to thee, as thy father was.  
*Arth.* O this will make my mother die with griefe.  
*John.* Cosen away for England, haste before,  
 And ere our comming see thou shake the bags  
 Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angels  
 Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace  
 Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:  
 Vse our Commission in his vtmost force,  
*Bast.* Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,  
 When gold and silver beck me to come on:  
 I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray,  
 (If euer I remember to be holy)  
 For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.  
*Ele.* Farewell gentle Cosen.

*John.* Coz, far  
*Ele.* Come her  
*John.* Come her  
 We owe thee muc  
 There is a soule co  
 And with aduanta  
 And my good frien  
 Lues in this boso  
 Giue me thy hand  
 But I will sit it wi  
 By heauen Hubert  
 To say what good  
*Hub.* I am muc  
*John.* Good fri  
 But thou shalt hau  
 Yet it shall come,  
 I had a thing to say  
 The Sunne is in the  
 Attended with the  
 Is all too wanton,  
 To giue me audien  
 Did with his yron  
 Sound on into the  
 If this same were a  
 And thou possessed  
 Or if that surly spi  
 Had bak'd thy blo  
 Which else runnes  
 Making that idio  
 And straine their el  
 A passion hatefull  
 Or if that thou cou  
 Heare me without  
 Without a tongue  
 Without eyes, ear  
 Then, in despight  
 I would into thy b  
 But (ah) I will not  
 And by my troth I  
*Hub.* So well,  
 Though that my d  
 By heauen I woul  
*John.* Doe not  
 Good Hubert, Hu  
 On yon young boy  
 He is a very serpen  
 And wherefore th  
 He lies before me  
 Thou art his keepe  
*Hub.* And Ile k  
 That he shall not  
*John.* Death.  
*Hub.* My Lor  
*John.* A Graue  
*Hub.* He shall  
*John.* Enough  
 I could be merry  
 Well, Ile not say  
 Remember: Mad  
 Ile send those pow  
*Ele.* My bleffi  
*John.* For Eng  
 Hubert shall be yo  
 Withal true duc